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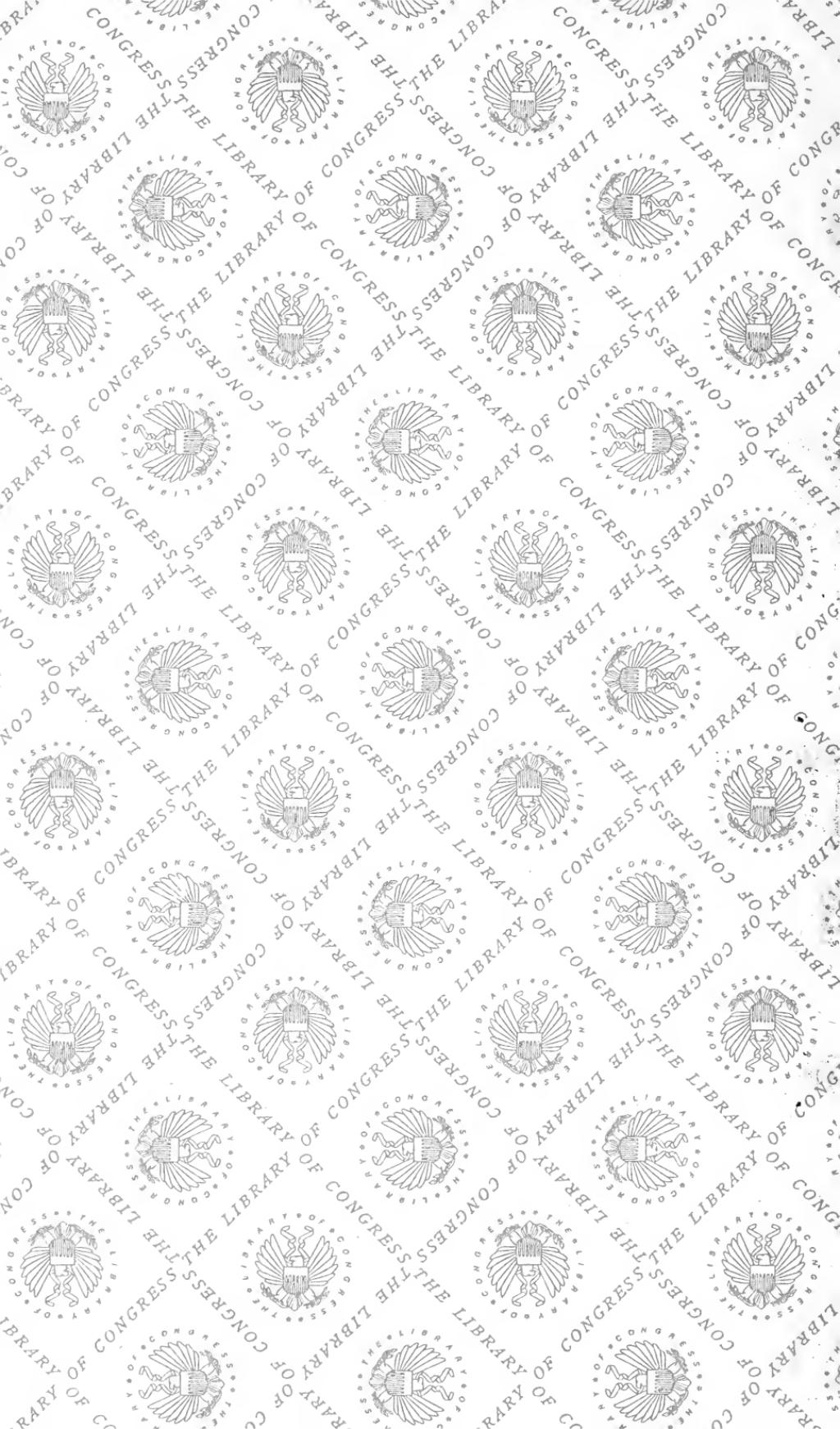
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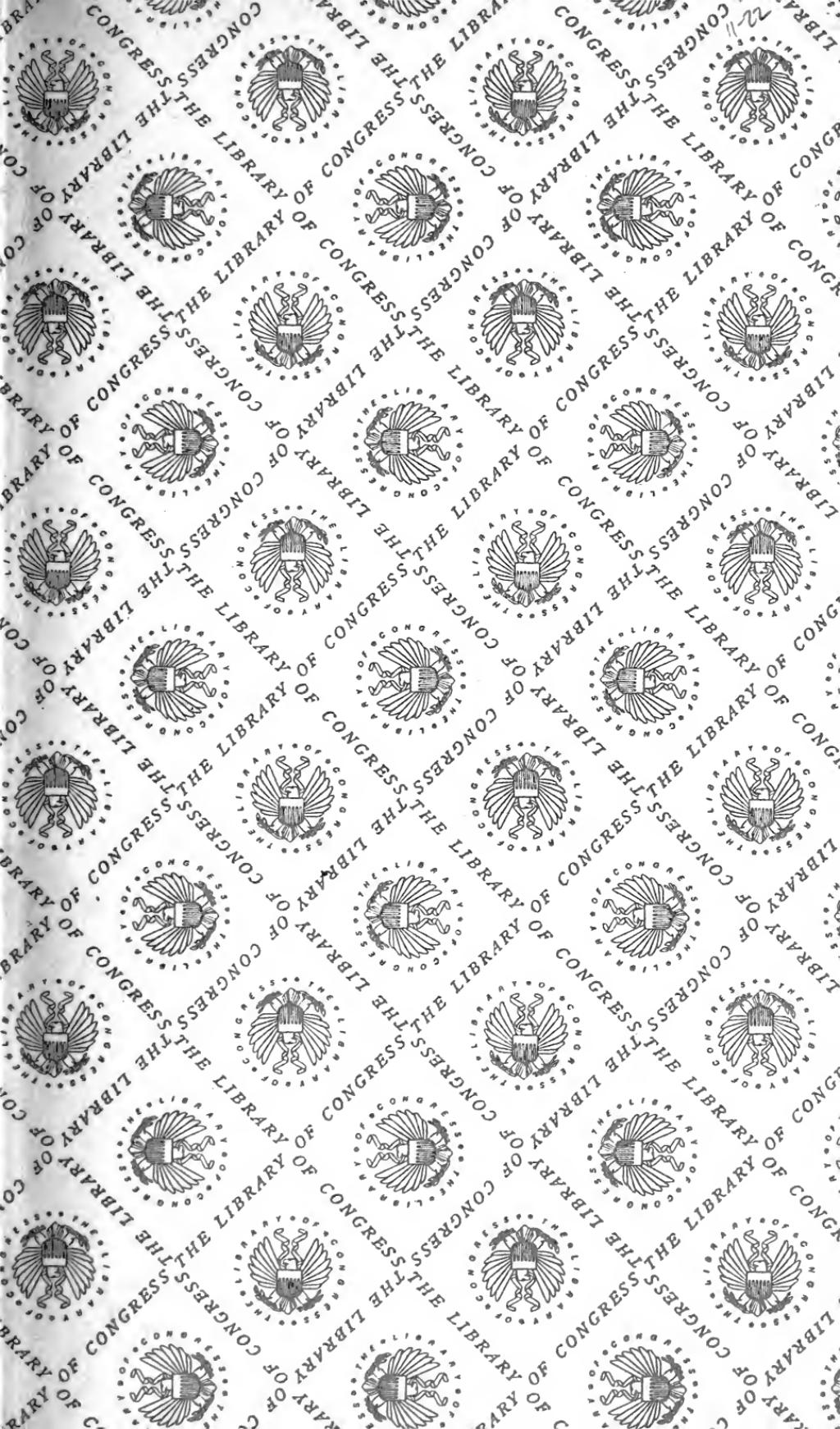
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Songs of Rebellion



To the Rebel Workers of the World,
with whom I have served so long,
and to all the Dear Girls I have
loved so well, this book, containing
the Heart and Soul of Covington
Hall, is dedicated. 11

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No.

REBELLION

Rebellion comes, hope's sacred fire,
To Freedom's son from Freedom's sire;
A soul-breath swordsmen cannot kill,
Nor gold, nor cross, nor rifle still.

With Lucifer it marched on God
And broke Jehovah's scourging rod:
It stood with Christ in Pilate's hall
And doomed the Caesars to their fall.

It sent Gautama on his quest,
Him Asia calls her light and blest;
With Quetzalcoatl, long ago,
It stirred the heart of Mexico.

With Moses it for freedom sought;
With wild Mahomet, too, it fought;
It gave Zoroaster all his fame,
Confucius his deathless name.

With Cromwell's legions, grim and cold,
It trampled on the statutes old;
With Voltaire, Marat and St. Just,
It raged 'till Europe rose from dust.

It called Abe Lincoln from the plains,
Set Marx and Ferrer breaking chains,
And hovered o'er the Commune when
It fired the souls of workingmen.

'Tis that which stirs the race today—
'Tis that which makes truth's lightnings play—
'Tis Revolution in its birth—
The soul of Freedom—the light of earth—

REBELLION!

WHY I AM A REVOLUTIONIST.

I have heard the child-slaves weeping when the world was fair and bright,
Heard them begging, begging for the playgrounds and the light!
I have seen the statesmen holding all save truth a vested right,
And the priest and preacher fighting in the legions of the night.

I have seen the queens of fashion in their jeweled pride arrayed,
Ruby-crowned and splendid—rubies of a baby's life-blood made,
Richer than the gems of nature, of a stranger, deeper shade,
On their snow-white bosoms quivered as the dames of fashion prayed.

Then I went into the dungeons where the brute men cringe and crawl—
Men to every high thought blinded—men no longer men at all—
And my eyes looked upward to the men whom we "successful" call,
And the sign was in their foreheads and their thrones about to fall.

And I've seen my father lying on his death-bed like a beast,
In his poverty forsaken, he a Southron soldier-priest;
Seen his broken body tremble as the pulse of living ceast,
And his soul go outward, moaning, as the red sun lit the East.

And I've seen my little mother on her death bed weep and moan,
For the babies she was leaving in the great world all alone;
Heard her loving spirit crying, seeking something to atone—
How she feared the god of hunger!—how she feared the heart of stone!

And you talk to me "religion," and "rebellion" you "deplore,"
You whose souls have never anguished at the death watch of the poor!
You who rape the starving millions and yet grasp for more and more,
Raimenting in rags our mother, raimenting in silks your whore?

In these wild and frightful moments, I have felt my reason reel,
Felt an impulse like the tiger's over all my being steal;
Felt it would not be a murder if my hand the blow could deal,
That would brand upon your temple the death angel's mark and seal.

Then I heard a voice crying, "Workers of the world, unite!"
And the vanguard of the Marxians broke upon my hopeless sight,
Serried ranks of Rebels marching 'neath the crimson flag of right,
To call our class to action, to arouse it to its might.

Thoughts of murder vanished from me and demon ceased to reign,
For the scheme of life unraveled and the universe seemed sane;
And I took my place beside them, here upon Truth's battle plain,
And I stand beside them fighting till the world we lose or gain.

BATTLE HYMN OF TOIL

Onward! Onward! Onward!
'Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

Lo! the little children hung'ring 'midst the plenty of the earth.
Lo! the mothers agonizing that they ever gave them birth;
Lo! the slaughter of the lovely and the murder of the just,
And the blinding of the soul-sight by the lords of gold and lust!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
'Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

We, the miracle performers, working wonders with our toil,
We are strangers in our countries, we are aliens on their soil;
We are beggars, tramps and vagrants, and we live and die a slave,
Tho' the treasures are bursting with the wealth our labor gave!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
'Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

Let us rise and march, my comrades, to the song that Freedom sings,
Let us hurl a MAN'S defiance in the ashen face of kings;
Let us rise as one and gather 'round our war flags, flaming red,
'Till the whole world shakes and trembles to the thunder of our tread!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
'Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WORKERS

The conscience of the workers, it is waking day by day,
It is rising in a flood-tide that will sweep the Beast away;
It is shaking down the fortress and the prison dark and strong,
And the courtrooms of injustice, and the thrones of vested wrong!

The conscience of the workers, it has wakened sword in hand,
And the Marseillaise is ringing in a chorus deep and grand;
Over hill and dale and valley, in a fearless, glad refrain,
Onward sweeps the hymn of freedom 'round a rebel world again.

The conscience of the workers—O my masters! nevermore
Will we cringe and plead for mercy at your gold-stained temple door!
We shall come in all the glory of the human soul awake,
We shall reach our strong hands forward and our birthright we shall
TAKE!

The conscience of the workers—O my masters, heed you this:
We, the workers, were awakened from the dead by Freedom's kiss;
We were 'wakened from our slumber and shall never sleep again,
'Til your kingdom lies in ashes and the stars of freedom reign.

* * * *

THE STRIKE

Say what ye will, ye owls of night,
The strike upholds the cause of right;
The strike compels the king to pause,
The statesmen to remould the laws.

Say what ye will, yet, without ruth,
The strike drives home the bitter truth;
The strike tears off the mask of things,
To mass and class the issue brings.

Say what ye will, the strike is good:
It clears things long misunderstood:
It jolts the social mind awake:
It forces men a stand to take.

Say what ye will, all else above,
The strike is war for bread and love;
For raiment, shelter, freedom, all
The human race can justice call.

THE CHURCH

The church gets up at midnight when the race in sleep is thralled,
And ere the slumb'rers waken, it the way of life has walled;
Illuming facts are taken from accusing hist'ry's page,
And love's torch-bearers murdered by the priesthoods in their rage.

The church fights never fairly, never on the open plain,
But tigerlike and stealthily, with dagger, dirk and chain;
Up through the gloom of ignorance, unseen, unheard, felt-shod,
It creeps upon its victim, and strikes in the name of God.

The church will swear allegiance unto any cause that lives,
Teach anything, preach anything, serve any cause that gives;
Will, for a price, robe right in sackcloth, wrong in silk array,
Will crown a Constantine and cheer a Calvin on his way.

The church spreads like a upas over heart and soul and mind,
Grows powerful and fattens as the race grows stooped and blind;
Forever and forever it is siding with the kings,
Is at the throat of Labor and is breaking Freedom's wings.

The church still strives to rule us now as in the yesteryear,
To keep the race on knee before the wizened god of fear;
The priest still serves the master, and the master serves the priest,
And truth is ever fighting with the ever-hungry beast.



IN GOD WE TRUST

In God we trust—the God of Gold,
The fiend Jehovah, hard and cold;
The merciless, supreme Unjust—
The God of Slaves—in Him we trust.

In God we trust—the God of Greed,
The Sower of the Poisoned Seed;
The Keeper of the House of Lust—
Love's murderer—in Him we trust.

In God we trust—the God of Blood,
Of Sword and Cross and Fire and Flood;
Whose name is Death—whose Heart is dust—
Life's crucifier—in Him we trust.

ROBERT EMMET

He gave thee life, he gave thee all,
And nobly in thy cause did fall;
For thee he lived, for thee he died,
For thee his heart was crucified,
Ireland, O Ireland!

For thee! For thee! Not only so,
For all the world he braved the blow;
In freedom's cause, for truth and right,
He faced the legions of the night,
Ireland, O Ireland!

He was no traitor to his God,
No traitor to his native sod;
Upon his soul there is no stain,
And death like his is not in vain,
Ireland, O Ireland!

He is not dead—death is a dream—
There is no death for souls supreme!
His burning words will ring sublime
Through every age and every clime,
Ireland, O Ireland!

They could not veil his life in gloom,
They could not shroud him in the tomb;
His very foes upon him gaze
And bow in homage and in praise,
Ireland, O Ireland!

Up to the love from whence it came
His freeborn soul shot like a flame—
A glowing sun, a blazing light,
A north star to the sons of right,
Ireland, O Ireland!

He lives! He reigns! He's with us yet!
His spirit's star has never set!
Wherever freedom's flag's unfurled
The soul of Emmet thrills the world,
Ireland, O Ireland!

MARY, THE MOTHER OF CHRIST

On Golgotha's barren mountain-top two thousand years ago,
Knelt the mother of a convict keeping watch upon his wo;
Guarding, with that other Mary, in the brute mob all alone,
Fearlessly beside the dying, at the great Blasphemer's throne.

Brokenheartedly she murmured o'er and o'er the words of love,
Reaching thru the tragic darkness to the stricken form above;
Seeking with the mother-magic to give comfort to his pain,
Weeping when he cried for mercy to Authority in vain.

In the midst of all the legions, of the law in all its might,
Of the murdrous priesthood jeering, as they've ever jeered the right,
Knelt the mother of the convict, of the outcast hanging there,
Unaffrighted by the clamor, in her beautiful despair.

Far across the weary centuries I seem to see her still,
She the loving and the gentle, on that blackened, blood-wet hill;
Watching, with that other Mary, in the brute mob all alone,
Fearlessly beside the dying, at the great Blasphemer's throne.

* * * *

LUCIFER, THE MORNING STAR

He was the first to face the wrath of priesthoods and of kings;
He was the first to make his mind the judgment-place of things;
He was the first to question, first to feel the steel of might—
Lucifer, the Morning Star, the splendid and the bright!

Around his shining spirit, lo! the priests of earth have thrown
A shadow and a terror that belongs to kings alone—
A demon demons made him, crowned him prince of Utmost Night—
Lucifer, the Morning Star, the splendid and the bright!

Through ages upon ages, they have cursed him day on day,
But fearless and unconquered he has held them all at bay;
Forever and forever he has faced them in the fight—
Lucifer, the Morning Star, the splendid and the bright!

Hail to the first of rebels! To the chieftain, strong and brave,
Who sounded first the bugle-call of freedom to the slave!
Who never yet has faltered through time's long and dreary flight—
Lucifer, the Morning Star, the splendid and the bright!

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Might was right when Christ was hanged
Beside the Jordan's foam;
Might was right when Gracchus bled,
Upon the stones of Rome;
And might was right when Danton fell,
When Emmet passed away—
“ ‘Tis the logic of the ancient world,
And the gospel of today.”

Might was right when Spartacus
Went down in seas of blood,
And when the Commune perished
In the self-same crimson flood;
And might was right at Cripple Creek,
At Homestead, Grabow—yea!
“ ‘Tis the logic of the ancient world,
And the gospel of today.”

Might was right when Parsons died,
When Ferrer followed him,
When Cole’s young life was beaten out
In Spokane’s dungeons grim;
And might was right when Pettibone
Went stagg’ring down death’s way—
“ ‘Tis the logic of the ancient world,
And the gospel of today.”

Might is right when Morgan builds
A hell ’round every hearth;
Might is right when Kirby starves
His peons off the earth;
And might was right when Deitz became
Wolfe Weyerhauser’s prey—
“ ‘Tis the logic of the ancient world,
And the gospel of today.”

Might is right when children die
By thousands in the mills,
When jeweled hands reach down and take
The gold their blood distills;
And might is right when maidens give
Their love-dreams up for pay—
“ ‘Tis the logic of the ancient world,
And the gospel of today.”

Might was, it is, it e’er will be,
The one and only right;
And so, O hosts of toil, awaken!
O workingmen, unite!
Unite! Unite! For might is right—
‘Tis freedom’s only way—
“ ‘Tis the logic of the ancient world,
And the gospel of today.”



THE MADMAN’S BOAST

What know you of madness, you whose minds have never gone astray?
You whose souls have never wandered from the path of common clay?
You who know no other kingdom save this sorrow-stricken earth,
Where you wander in the barrens ’neath the curse of mortal birth!

Lo! how dare you call me crazy? You who live down in the plain,
Far beneath the dazzling empire of the man you call insane!
You are the same forever, just a sentient, moving clod,
While to-day I am a mortal and to-morrow I am God!

I who walk this floor of diamonds, with my head among the stars,
While you dream your keepers hold me chained behind your prison bars!
I who hear immortal music, soft, strange rhapsodies divine,
Played for me by master demons when the moons of madness shine!

I who range the clouds of evening when the western sun sinks low,
Drunken with undying splendor and afire with the glow!
I who dwell with Love and Laughter, who the face of Joy behold,
And who never yet have worshiped at the cloven feet of Gold!

You! ‘tis you who are the madman! You whose eyes are on the ground,
Kneeling with Ahriman’s angels, with the gyves of custom bound!
You who never knew the pleasure and who never felt the pain
Of the souls who roam the empire of the man you call insane!

US, THE HOBOES

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world in awe,
We shall trample on your customs and shall spit upon your law;
We shall come up from life's desert to your burdened banquet hall,
We shall turn your wine to wormwood, your honey into gall.

We shall go where wail the children, where, from your race-killing mills,
Flows a bloody stream of profit to your cursed, insatiate tills;
We shall tear from your drivers, in our shamed and angered pride,
With the fury and the fierceness of a fatherhood denied.

We shall set our sisters on you, those you trapt into your hells
Where the mother instinct's stifled and no earthly beauty dwells;
We shall call them from the living-death, the death in life you gave,
To sing our class' triumph o'er your cruel system's grave.

We shall strip them of their epaulets, the panderers who fight
Your wars against the workers for a bone on which to bite;
We shall batter down your prisons, we shall see your chain-gangs free,
We shall drive you from the mountainside, the valley, plain and sea.

We shall hunt around the fences where your ox-men sweat and gape/
Till they stampede down your stockades in their panic to escape;
We shall steal up thru the darkness, we shall prowl the wood and town,
Till they waken to their power and arise and ride you down.

We shall send the message to them, on a whisper down the night,
We shall cheer as warrior women drive the ox-men to the fight;
We shall use your guile against you, all the cunning you have taught,
All the wisdom of the serpent to attain the ending sought.

We shall come as comes the cyclone,—in the stillness we shall form—
From the calm your terror fashioned we shall hurl on you the storm;
We shall strike when least expected, when you deem toil's rout complete,
And crush you and your hessians 'neath our brogan-shodded feet.

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world in awe,
We shall trample on your customs, we shall spit upon your law,
We shall outrage all your temples, we shall blaspheme all your gods,—
We shall turn the old world over as the plowman turns the clods!

JESUS CHRIST

Then they seized you and they crowned you with a burning crown of thorns;

Now, the masters bow before you and a servile priesthood fawns;
In a far and distant Eden, in a hidden, gold-kept shrine,
They have buried all the treasure of the truth that was divine.

On the cross they built for labor, lo! they hanged you in the night,
And the jeering preachers cheered it as a deed for good and right;
But the workers gathered 'round you, and the Revolution spread,
And the priesthood and the masters for a moment were afraid.

Down the high-road of the ages marched your resurrected soul,
And the pagan powers trembled as their strong hands lost control;
But the priesthood and the masters they were ever full of guile,
And they re-enchained the workers with a promise and a smile.

Yea! they built you divers temples, and they took you from the sod
And set you up in heaven as an Emperor and God;
And they read a mystic meaning in your pure and simple creed
To the foolish workers dying on the battlefields of greed.

'Round your white and splendid altars they have reared a ghastly pile,
Copied from the Roman Masters, imitations weak and vile,
Where they hide you from the workers, wheré they rave at all who come
Seeking for the priceless truths you uttered ere your lips grew dumb.

Superstition-blighted knowledge—prison upon prison piled—
And the brazen creed of profit—thus have master hands defiled
All the mighty work you fashioned in the ages long ago,
When you led the hosts of labor and when labor loved you so.

MY MAMMY'S SON

I don't wan to see him crushed, my dear old mammy's son,
The boy I played with long ago, whose "chinas" oft I won ;
Who stood with me in many fights in the old plantation days ;
Whose heart was true and loyal in a thousand different ways.

I don't want to see him crushed, his children made the prey
Of every wolf that howls along the Anglo-Saxon way ;
Of every low-browed, heartless thing that bays him with the scream :
"I am the Anglo-Saxon and I am the white supreme!"

I don't want to see him crushed, his black face scarred with grief,
His sorrows made unending, or his pleasures few and brief ;
For often I remember how he stood there at my side,
When the old home went to pieces, with a friendship true and tried.

I don't want to see him crushed, his life-work made in vain,
His misery the corner-stone of demagogic gain ;
His degradation the excuse for Pharisees on high,
A refuge for the scoundrel and a cloak for every lie.

I don't want to see him crushed, nor made a nameless thing,
A chattel in the service of the menials of the king ;
A slave unto the servants who attend the lords of gold,
Who are rotteness the structure that the fathers built of old.

I don't want to see him crushed, my dear old mammy's son,
The boy I played with long ago, whose "chinas" oft I won ;
And for his sake an Aryan pleads with Aryans to-day
To rise in Aryan manhood and drive the wolves away.

THE DREAMER

He walks the Vale of Silence, yet in Silence, lo, he hears
The harmonies of Nature and the music of the Spheres ;
Amid the passing Shows and Shadows, he, alone, is free,
For he, alone, is close enough the Hidden Heart to see.

His path may stretch down valleys where eternal Sorrow reigns ;
The angels, Sin and Sadness, leave upon his soul their stains ;
And o'er his spirit's altars Fate may draw the veil of night,
But never is he blinded to the pure, unblemished light.

Alone, alone and desolate, far fares his soul away,
Yet on the Pinnacles of Gloom he finds the Star of Day ;
And in the wildest wilderness, beside Life's bitter springs,
He hears Hope's silver laughter and the murmur of her wings.

For him there is no Eden, yet the world owes all to him,
For he beheld the Vision when the World-eye still was dim ;
A beggar in the court of Love, an outcast from the Shrine,
He taught the world Love's lesson, and he made it all divine.

Out in the lonely gardens, of the long and lonely years,
He wrung the fruit of Knowledge from the upas tree of Tears ;
His was the mind that 'wakened all the golden dreams of youth,
And his eye that first beheld the signals of the Truth.

And they who followed after, where his bleeding footsteps trod,
And walked upon the roses he had strewn upon the sod,
They reaped the fruit he planted and the grain that he had sown,
And Lethe softly ripples o'er a grave forgot, unknown.

THE WORLD WILL

Hear me, ye who sit in purple splendor, 'round old Mammon's throne!
Hear me, all ye sons of Moloch, ye who make the race to mourn!
Hear me, too, ye pand'ring statesmen guarding where their black flag
waves!
Hear me, all ye hireling teachers, all ye priesthoods who have sold
Truth, the Holy Spirit, and have turned Love's glowing words to gold!
Hear me, all ye House of Mammon, all who bend at Moloch's shrine,
We, the workers, soon are coming in a fury all divine!

Heart-aflame and by love driven, nation-parted now no more
We are gath'ring for the battle that the seers foretold of yore;
From all peoples we are coming, far and wide the world around,
And the fight shall not be ended 'till the last slave's freedom's found;
There shall be, when we have finished, for all children home and hearth,
And the songs of happy mothers shall be heard throughout the earth;
There shall be no fallen women, there shall be no broken men,
There shall be no homeless outcasts on the broad earth's bosom then.

All the steel that now surrounds you, naked-handed we shall break;
All the laws that now protect you, these as nothing we shall make;
All the words of your false prophets unto you shall be as dust,
And the spider seal the temples where your stricken idols rust;
All your gilded, glitt'ring savagery our hands shall sweep away,
And the maidens ye have ruined shall demand of you their pay;
All your monstrous art shall perish from the earth's insulted plain,
All your reeking hovel cities shall ge back to hell again!

There shall be no king above us, there shall be no slave below,
There, in Labor's grand Republic, only freedom we shall know!
We are gathering, we are coming, far and wide the world around,
Truth the northstar of our legions, all the earth our battle ground!
Arming, coming in love-anger, marching forward by its light,
Coming, coming hungry-hearted for the long expected fight!
Coming, coming from our thralldom, coming victors over all!—
We have heard the World Will speaking, we have heard the Race-Soul
call!

Songs
of Love



THIS:

This I swear to you, my comrades,
By the holy saints above,
By the holy God in heaven,
You shall suffer if you love.

Yet again, I swear, my comrades,
You shall never taste of bliss,
You shall never know life's sweetness
If the cup of love you miss.

And, once more, I swear, my comrades,
Love is but a zephyr breath ;
It is but a fragrance floating
On the wings of death.

And, at last, I swear, my comrades,
That you cannot pass love by ;
That you live alone by loving,
And that love can never die.

THE WORD

This is the wondrous word she spoke,
Learned, I think, from the fairy-folk:
“In cottage room and palace hall,
Love,” she said, “is the all in all.

“Without it there is nothing worth
In heaven, dear, or in the earth;
Unknowing it, all life would be
But universal misery.

“It is the force, the only one,
That guides the stars, the moon and sun;
The comets, too, on it depend,
And ‘tis the dying meteor’s friend.

“Where’er love rests its shining wings
A beauty from the old earth springs;
A fountain bursts, a flower glows,
A fragrance o’er the desert flows.

“Beneath its spell the palace is
Endurable a while, I wis;
The water in the cottage pail
Is sweeter than the rarest ale.

“There is no wine, however old,
Can warm the loveless of their cold;
There is no power, here nor there,
Can make unloving beings fair.

“In cottage room and palace hall,
Love,” she said, “is the all in all.”
This is the wondrous word she told,
That she, the heart-wise, did unfold.

I ONLY KNOW

The mysteries and miracles I've never understood—
I only know that Love is great and wise and strong and good ;
I only know that I am naught beside the seraphim,
And that all the host of heaven by the side of Love is dim.

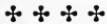
I only know the grandest star that gleams on mortal sight
In Love's eternal vision is a fleck of dying light ;
That all the glorious wonder our midnight sky unfolds
Is nothing to the grandeur that the eye of Love beholds.

I only know our universe, all limitless and grand,
Is as a sea of atoms in the hollow of Love's hand ;
That all our vanished eons that have rolled through time away,
And all our coming ages, are to Love a single day.

I only know that dreamings the to us seem all sublime,
The soul of mortal music, and the heart of earthly rhyme,
Our farthest sweep of wisdom, all our thought's divinest light,
To Love is as a lantern in the fog-clouds of the night.

I only know my mission here is finite ; that the breath
I draw today tomorrow flies all swiftly unto death ;
And yet I feel that I am part of the undying whole,
A kinsman and a comrade of Love's never-resting soul.

And this I know, whatever comes, or early yet or late,
Somewhere, sometime, I shall arise a master over fate ;
For I have seen it written on my Mother Nature's breast,
And Love has flashed it to me from the dreamlands of the blest.



ONE LAST KISS

Lift your glowing lips to mine, my darling ; kiss me once again ;
Kiss me, though my heart be broken when our lips are torn in twain ;
Kiss me, though my soul should waken, weeping, evermore to dwell
In the land of utmost grieving, as a citizen of hell.

Kiss me once again, my darling, though my soul forever dies
With the dying of the love-light from your clear and splendid eyes ;
Lift your lips to mine and kiss me, though the kiss leave desolate
Every palace I have builded in the dreamland of my fate.

A LETTER TO PSYCHE

My soul,—I call you this—I come tonight
To send love's pleading message on its flight
Across the gulf of silence; and I dream
That it will find you by some sylvan stream;
That it will reach you ere the hand of fate
Has written the death-giving words, Too Late.

Have you forgotten all the golden past?
Was it too fair and beautiful to last?
Have I, at any moment, dearest one,
A single thing to hurt you, said or done?
If so, I would recall the word or deed,
And for your full forgiveness, dear, I plead.

The days are long without you, dear; so long
The hours between the dark and dawn! The song
You sang has melted to an undertone,
And shadows linger where the sunlight shone;
And darkness hastens, dear, to blight
The world you made so beautiful and bright.

Your dear, lost face smiles on me through a mist
Of tears; the hand that I so oft have kissed
Upon my shoulder rests; your witching eyes
Are on me, and I turn with glad surprise—
A dream? And is this all? And must all end
In nothing, and the dream to dust descend?

A man's life is the life his heart receives
From her he loves, in whom his soul believes;
Beyond her there is nothing more divine,
And, so, you were to me my faith and shrine:
To all things else I may have been untrue,
But never yet an infidel to you.

My heart, my soul's own soul, I come tonight
To send love's pleading message on its flight
Across the gulf of silence; and I pray
That love will guard and haste it on its way;
That it will reach you ere the hand of fate
Has written the death-giving words, Too Late.

MY WOMAN

I want my Woman before I die,
Her they stole from my arms with their Christian lie,—
I want my Woman before I die!
To feel her blood in my heart again,
On my lips the storm of her kisses rain;
Love-lusting, passionate, undefiled,
Ans'ring the cry and the call of the wild,—
I want my Woman before I die,
I want my Woman before I die!

I want my Woman before I die,
Her they stole from my arms with their Christian lie,—
I want my Woman before I die!
To see the flame in her cheeks arise,
And the fires of love in her glowing eyes;
I want her now as in the days of old
Ere the law was writ or the lie was told,—
I want my Woman before I die,
I want my Woman before I die!

I want my Woman before I die,
Her they stole from my arms with their Christian lie,—
I want my Woman before I die!
To hold her now as I held her then,
On the shore of the lake, in a forest glen,
Before the days of the primal curse,
By the laws that root in the universe,
Her they stole from my arms with their Christian lie,—
I want my Woman before I die,
I want my Woman before I die!

THE LAST MESSAGE

(Being fragments of a letter from Jesus of Nazareth to Mary of Magdala)

Dear Mary of Magdala, how my weary, lone soul pines,
As I sit here longing for you, while my hope, like day, declines;
And it matters not if Judah cry me down, or hail me king,
Since, in your absence, all the birds of heaven cease to sing.

In the Gardens of Gethsemane, when all things seemed untrue,
How often my impatient soul has waited, dear, for you;
For the coming of the presence that would change the dark to light,
My weakness into power and my blindness into sight.

And upon the Mount of Olives, when my fame at zenith shone,
Of the thousand faces 'round me I beheld but one, your own;
And there upon the waters, on the waves of Galilee,
I have stayed awake to listen for your soul-step on the sea.

Out into the Land of Loneliness, across the desert sands,
You have come to me with roses and with lilies in your hands;
You have come to me as Morning comes into the halls of Night,
Hope's halo on your forehead and your eyes with love a-light.

Dear Mary of Magdala, when all other stars have set,
The lodestar of your spirit will o'er Jesus linger yet;
On the cross upon Golgotha, when forsaken from above,
And all mankind denies me, you will comfort me with love.

Ere I leave the world behind me, on the ship of death depart,
From my prison cell I send you this last message from my heart;
This last message, dear, I send you ere the shrouds around me fall,—
You have been to me the love-light, and the love-light is the all..



PSYCHE-LAND

There the beautiful stars in the beautiful heavens above
Glow thru the beautiful night on the beautiful gardens of love,
Till the world is a beautiful vision, the dream of the dreamers come true,
And the light of the beautiful gardens is the beautiful spirit of you.

There the beautiful birds sing life's beautiful song,
And the beautiful waters the beautiful music prolong,
Filling and thrilling and making the world-land beautiful, over anew,
And the heart and the soul of the beautiful music is the beautiful spirit
of you.

UNANSWERED

Unanswered is the message that my soul sent out to you,
And o'er the sea of silence comes no white ship into view;
Alone upon the mountains, on the barren rocks I stand,
The flowers dead around me, and the ashes in my hand.

"Twas sweet to dream you higher than all else of mortal birth,
With childlike faith to place you over all things on this earth;
To crown you and to wreath you with a pure and perfect trust,
To love you with a passion that was never stained with lust.

And sweet it was to hold you, to believe with all my heart
That you were at the sources of my life-work and my art;
But time has taught me better, and I face the dark, alone,
Unfearing, unbelieving, and my journey's end unknown.

I only know the message that my soul sent out to sea
Will never cross the silence and come back again to me;
That all the dreams and visions that my soul has dreamed of you
Will fade and die like roses when they miss the sun and dew.



FAITHLESS

They tell me you are faithless; that you love me now no more;
That love's lodestar shines no longer on the dreamer's temple door;
That my heart misread in reading the illumining of your eye;
My faith in you was lunacy, a fair and fleeting lie.

Often, dear, and often, as I sit here, all alone,
In the mystic midnight dreaming of the glory I have known,
I have heard their sneering whispers, but I would not turn from you,
Though my inmost spirit trembled lest their lying words were true.

All alone my soul has wandered, when the storm clouds hid the blue,
Through the tumult and the darkness, in its search for life and you:
I have longed for all the beauty of the unforgotten day,
And the kiss of death were sweeter than that we must part for aye.

Better far the roses vying with the lilies o'er my tomb,
Should forever hide my being in the dust's insentient gloom,
Than to waken to the knowledge that the world had spoken true,
And my soul had worshiped falseness when it bowed itself to you.

LITTLE GIRL

You were always brave and true,
High and noble, through and through—
There was nothing base in you,
Little girl.

Like the stars that o'er us beam,
Your pure spirit ruled supreme
O'er life's every work and dream,
Little girl.

You were of those higher spheres
That the dreamer sees through tears
When the genius of love appears,
Little girl.

And, again, you were a part
Of the great world's busy mart—
Just a woman with a heart,
Little girl.

You were all for which we pine,
Were of life the bread and wine,
And the spirit's home and shrine,
Little girl.

Out there in the sunlight clear,
In the pure heaven-atmosphere,
Do the old dreams haunt you, dear
Little girl.

Here on earth all is forlorn,
For the song, the dream, the dawn,
With your loving soul have gone,
Little girl.

THE DEAD LOVE

They wreathed your brow with laurels, and a lily spotless white
They placed upon your bosom, and they left you in the night;
They left you there, my darling, where the roses breathed their breath,
In silken splendor shrouded, in the lonely house of death.

The moon outside was shining in a sky without a stain,
And through the open window came a mocker's wild refrain;
A strange, unearthly beauty palpitated through the air,
But loveliness was loveliest where you were lying there.

Around your queenly presence the departed soul still clung.
It seemed that death had come as comes a song by angels sung,
Had stolen on you unawares, as night steals on the day,
And fixed in every feature, dear, the life it took away.

Within the dim, hushed chamber, there I knelt beside your bier
And poured love's broken message in your cold, unheeding ear;
I would not have it but that your unanswering was feigned,
And on your still half-parted lips a thousand kisses rained.

They wreathed your brow with laurels, and a lily spotless white
They placed upon your bosom, and they left you in the night;
They left you there, my darling, where the roses breathed their breath,
In silken splendor shrouded, in the lonely house of death.



THE ONE WOMAN

I have seen her coming to me through the dreamlands of the night,
And the star-crown on her tresses filled the world with wondrous light.

There was 'round her all the glory of the once great Southern race;
All the Old South's strength and beauty; all its nameless charm and grace.

Her dark hair sweeping backward showed a forehead broad and white;
And a passion born of heaven gave her eyes undying light.

'Round her white soul lingered all the virtues, honor, love and truth,
All the stainlessness of woman in the loveliness of youth.

She was just as I had dreamed her, from my childhood to to-day,—
The ideal and the vision which will never pass away.

THE DREAM THAT WAS VEILED

The flowers have faded, the roses are dead,
The birds from the gardens forever have fled;
The violin of hope, the harp of delight,
Their strings are unstrung and all silent to-night.

The peris of bliss and the fairies of life,
Have fallen at last in the terrible strife;
The chord that was perfect is all out of tune,
And winter envelops the gardens of June.

The rythm of nature is ever at fault,
And irksome the blue of the star-studded vault;
Oppressed and oppressor,—the soul is the twain,
A wanderer searching for Eden in vain.

O'er memory's seas like a beggar it strays,
Past island on island of beautiful days;
Still hoping to find the dream that was veiled,
The light that arose in the darkness, and failed.

Away and afar, and with never a rest;
And ever and ever the desolate nest;
And ever and ever the wearisome round,
The call of the spirit, and silence profound.

The snow and the ice, and the cold winter breath,
The sob and the cry, and the stillness of death;
And ever and ever, forever is veiled
The light that arose in the darkness, and failed.

THE RUINED GATE

The sunshine and the shadow lengthen with the dying day,
And, like a dream, the daylight vanishes from earth away.
The western sky is covered with a web of beauty spun
By fairy hands, and woven from the life-tide of the sun.
The stars come out and glow like diamonds on the robe of night,
And through the silence all the lost dreams softly take their flight.
The cares of life have vanished, and its tears have turned to dew,
And, once again, my soul is standing in love's garden-world with you.
I hear your lute-like laughter rippling, as in days of old ;
Your dear lips whispering "the sweetest story ever told;"
I feel your soft hands resting in these empty hands of mine,
And dream that I am living in the days that were divine.
And then, the dream, like daylight, softly fades from earth away,
And you are gone, and gone the stars, and gone the light of day.....
The pulse of passion beats against the iron bars of fate,
And hope with drooping pinions kneels before love's ruined gate.

* * * *

ROSE LEAVES

You still rest here, where she placed you, long ago,
When the fields were white with blossoms and my heart was all aglow;
When the lovelight softly trembled in my sweetheart's dreamy eyes,
And the dreamer's spirit loitered at the gates of Paradise.

O rose leaves! you still bind me with the dreams that held me fast,
When my sweetheart leaned above me in the gardens of the past;
And the soul of mem'ry leads me where the summer sunlight shines
And the air is heavy-laden with the fragrance of the pines.

O the days that long have vanished! O the light that died away,
When the mystic lovelight faded from her dreamy eyes for aye!
O the fading of the roses! O the ages that have flown,
And the sorrow and the shadow that the dreamer's heart has known!

ISABEL

With the roses on your breast
They have laid you down to rest,

Isabel;

And the world has come today
Its last homage, dear, to pay

To an angel gone away,

Isabel.

Never yet has sweeter breath
Met the icy kiss of death,

Isabel;

And the world will never view
One more gentle or more true,

Fairer, lovelier than you,

Isabel.

In this narrow coffin lies
All there is of earth and skies,

Isabel;

In this soft, white, clinging shroud
Sleeps a spirit, brave and proud,

Sinless, noble, and unbowed,

Isabel.

Memory's white roses bloom,
And love's lilies 'round your tomb,

Isabel.

They will keep the temple pure,
And the priesthood high and true,

'Till in death I come to you,

Isabel.

TO MY SISTER.

* * *

You were so fond, so proud, so true,
It did not seem Death dared touch you ;
That he could lay his cold, white hand
Upon a form so pure and grand ;
That he could pass earth's ugly things
And pitilessly break your wings.

And then you faced him with the smile
That made us love you all the while ;
The old brave smile, you learned to know,
There, in the homeland, long ago ;
And, dear, you pleaded not to die,
But he refused to pass you by.

He swept like lightning from above,
An eagle on a helpless dove ;
And, as his talons clutched you 'round,
You fluttered, dove-like, to the ground ;
More beautiful in your despair
Than anything in earth or air.

In breathless, strange, unbroken sleep,
He closed your eyes, so clear and deep ;
He clasped in his your trembling hand,
And led you to an unknown land ;
He wreathed your brow with poppies red,
And crowned you queen among the dead.

The great stars gleam, the roses wave
In silence o'er your ivied grave :
Asleep, amid our loved and best,
You in eternal slumber rest ;
But, as the stars live in the dew,
So lives in love the soul of you.

LOVE'S LETTER.

Longingly
Wistfully,
Sweetheart, I gaze,
Through the gathering haze,
 Into the night
For the vanished light
Of your soft, clear eyes;
 The dream-light,
 The love-light,
For the light of your beautiful eyes.

Away
And afar,
Where the bright seas roll
Round the Happiness Isle,
 And all things smile,
I send my soul
To kneel at your feet
In the gardens sweet,
Where wistarias twine
With the jessamine vine,
In a land where life is all divine.

Lotus
And poppy,
Honey and dew,
Make I of these a magical brew,
Quaff it, and wander in dreamland with you;
 Wander away, dear, never to grieve,
In the wonderful land of The-make-believe.

Lovingly,
Silently,
Night after night
I steal through the gates to the House of Delight,
To the palace of bliss,
And your hair and your eyes and your lips, dear, I kiss ;
I kiss them, and know that my life's not in vain,
And I love you, and love you, again and again.

Empire,
Dominion,
Ambition, and all
That men in their folly life's prizes would call,
I would throw them away,
If but for to-day,
Close, close to my heart, my arms could enfold
The form that I love in love's passionate hold.

Faith,
Hope
And love
I have given to you ;
Heart,
Mind
And soul,
I have given them, too ;
And I give,—
I have given you all that a dreamer could give.

MIZPAH

Soul of my soul, all life is this :
A sob, a sigh, a farewell kiss ;
A withered rose, a broken song —
Then sleep and silence deep and long.

Soul of my soul, all life is this :
A cry of joy, a welcome kiss ;
A gentle word, a home, a shrine,
And hope, and faith in things divine.

Soul of my soul, life fares away
A clouded and ephemeral day ;
Or else it moves, supreme, sublime,
Triumphant over fate and time.

Soul of my soul, or dark, or clear,
Or close, or far, love keep you, dear ;
Whatever stars above us shine,
Love watch between your soul and mine. .

Miscellaneous
Poems





THE DRUNKARD'S SONG

Drink, brothers, drink!
Let us smile on the to-day;
Let us smile and let us say,
There is nothing but to-day!
Let us drink, drink, drink,
While the morning skies are pink:
Let us drink ere we sink,
Like the shooting stars of night
In the vastness of the night—
Drink, brothers, drink!

Drink, brothers, drink!
Let us bind the spirit fast;
With a chain that's sure to last,
Let us bind it close and fast;
Let us drink, drink, drink,
While the chains around us link;
Let us drink, for we sink
Like a bubble on the stream,
On the dark and silent stream—
Drink, brothers, drink!

Drink, brothers, drink!
Let us make his kingdom vain,
Let us kill the god of pain—
Make his might and kingdom vain;
Let us drink, drink, drink,
Till we drive him o'er the brink;
Let us drink while we sink
Down forever into sleep
On the dreamless shore of sleep—
Drink, brothers, drink!

Drink, brothers, drink!
Let us cease to grieve and sigh;
Let us keep oblivion by
For the tear and for the sigh;
Let us drink, drink, drink,
Till we cease to sob and think;
Let us drink till we sink
All remembrance in the grave,
In the lethe of the grave—
Drink, brothers, drink!

A WARNING

Don't listen to the fairies, Son—don't try to leave the clods,
To wander off in Eden with the children of the gods;
Don't worry when the hunters hush the nest-notes of the dove,
Nor fret when gold is offered for the broken lute of love.

Don't listen to the fairies, Son,—don't leave the Land of Trade
To seek the laughing waters and the woodland's mystic shade;
Don't grieve because they leave you and don't answer when they call:
Their tongues are tipt with honey—they are lotus-eaters all.

Don't listen to the fairies, Son,—don't watch the star that gleams
To guide you up the mountain to the throne-room of your dreams;
Don't turn aside to catch the light that showers from life's wings,
Lest you forget the ledger is the holiest of things.

Don't listen to the fairies, Son,—don't be a fool and quit
The sacred House of Dollars, just at Music's feet to sit;
Don't heed them when they whisper "love" and "hope" and "faith"
and "trust,"—
For all except the cashbox is as ashes and as dust.



"I HAVE PLOWED IN THE SEA"

I have sown in the desert and plowed in the sea,
And the fruit of the labor is never for me—
I have sown in the desert and plowed in the sea!

I have bartered the wheat for the poppy and paid
In the hunger of soul for the bargain I made—
I have bartered the wheat for the poppy, and paid!

I have traded my portion of silver and gold
For the glow in the dew and the heat in the cold—
I have traded my portion of silver and gold!

I have lost me the world for the light of her eyes,
For the touch of her lips and her passionate sighs—
I have lost me the world for the light of her eyes!

But I've followed the dream up the mountains and fought
With the demons of death for the vision I sought—
I have followed the dream up the mountains, and fought!

I have sown in the desert and plowed in the sea,
And the gardens I planted are never for me—
I have sown in the desert and plowed in the sea!

OLE NED AM DYIN'

Ole Ned am dyin', Massa Will;
Dis po' ole heart will soon be still;
Dese w'ary han's will toil no mo';
Dis feeble head am bendin' low;
Dese tired feet done done dey bes',
En in de grabe dey soon will res'.

Ole marster's dar; ole mistiss, too,
Am standin' in de hebbens blue;
Dey's built er home erway up dar,
En hebben, at las', hit ain' so far
Dat I kin trable de journey t'ro',
En wait up dar fo' all ob you.

De angel ob def am hoberin' ni'—
Tell all de fokes fo' me good-by,
Marse Jeems, Miss Lizzie en Miss Sue,
Yo' brudders en yo' sisters, too.
I'd lak ter see dem all once mo',
But God, de sabior, wills hit so.

Ma bref am growin' short, Marse Will,
En ebryt'ing am close en still—
En whut am all de han's erbout?
En mus' I gibe de rashuns out?
En whut am dar? Look in de sky!
God bless you all—Marse Will, good-by.

* * * *

LONGINGS.

Out into the silent swamplands,
Where the lazy bayous flow;
Out among the flags and lilies,
Mather Nature, let me go!

Out into the grand old forests,
Out among the moss-crowned kings,
Where the hand of man hath never
Marred the beauty of thy things!

Out beyond the utmost limit
Of tihs man-made world of stone;
Out into the vast, deep stillness,
Where the earth is all thine own!

THE COMPANIONLESS

There be souls born but to suffer, souls companionless, alone,
Spirits that the race refuses to acknowledge as its own;
Fated ones, predoomed to sorrow, in the wide lands without home,
Foreigners in every nation, strangers wheresoe'er they roam.

Mothered in the womb of morning, cradled in the arms of night,
One with forest, field and flower, moon and star and shade and light;
Lovers of all loveliness, red-hearted, with the dream afire,
Banished from Altruria to the Deserts of Desire.

Wanderers from other spheres, here on the Earthland gone astray,
Wingéd children of the heavens damned to dungeons made of clay—
In the midst of plenty, hungered—on the watersheds, athirst—
In the halls of pleasure, wearied—by their very beauty curst.

Sons of Life and Power striving Death and Weakness to evict,
Battling with the portless oceans on a crewless derelict;
Daring, strong and splendid captains, lost at last in seas unknown—
Kismet-caught—doom-driven—compassless—companionless—alone.

* * * *

'TAINT NO USE

I wuz alluz a sort o' sinner, sort o' outcas' fum my kind;
One o' these here foolish critters what is born ter dollars blind;
What never 'preciated workin' 'tel your heart wuz fit ter bus',
Your sperrit cankered, jes' becuz some other feller sed you mus'.

Never keered a dern 'bout ennything, excep' a woman's love,
The gurgle o' the waters an' the sof' notes o' the matin' dove;
Never had no temple, nur relegion, nur belief, nur shrine,
Excep' I've alluz loved ole mother earth an' made her heartaches mine.

Never yit could understan' why folkes kills theyselves ter live;
The sense o' handin' down ter children what all knows its death ter give;
The foolishness o' 'stroying every neighbor's field an' home an' hearth
By turnin' man-hogs loose ter waller in the gardens o' the earth.

Never had no wisdom neither,—been a idler all my days,
A dreamer chasin' jack-o-lanters up imagination's ways;
An' I 'speets, when I is dyin', I'll ask Gabe ter fold his wings,
So ez I kin see the mockin' bird a dancin' whiles he sings.

I wuz alluz a sort o' sinner, sort o' outcas' fum my kind;
One o' these here foolish critters what is born ter dollars blind.
But 'taint no use ter fret nur kick, becuz, they's trouble every time
God goes an' hitches up a human ter the comet-car o' rhyme.

A LITTLE SOLILOQUY

We come into this little world,
And we live our little day;
And we speak our little prologue,
And we act our little play.

And we blow our little trumpets,
Give our little horns a toot;
And we love our little maiden,
And we press our little suit.

And we work at work a little,
And a little while we fuss;
And we make our little money,
Or we make our little bus'.

And we make a little racket,
And perhaps a little name,
And we play our little "futures"
Till death ends our little game.

Then they preach a little sermon,
And they sing a little stave,
And they close our little coffin
In a narrow little grave.

* * *

DE GHOS' CAT

De ghos' cat wauks in de dark ob nite;
His feet am padded en his step am lite;
En he grabs de sinner en, karries him' way
Ter burn en ter burn twel de jegment day.

De ghos' cat wauks all eroun' en eroun';
En he nebbet meows, nebbet mecks er soun';
But he lays on yo' bres' en sucks yo' bref
En karries you 'way ter de house ob def.

De ghos' cat's comin'! you sinners, lookout!
He's waukin' eroun' en eroun' erbout!
En he's ready ter jump on one en all,
Dat aint pervided wid de hebbeny call!

YOU WANT TO BE A POET, CHILD?

To take your pen and write
Of fairies in the wonderlands
And goblins in the night?

To comrade with the bee
And steal the sweets of honied plants
That grow by land and sea?

To wander with the light
Along the paths of morning,
Or adown the vales of night?

To understand the words,
The strange, mysterious language
Of the freeborn forest birds?

To hear the heart of things,
The music of the waters
And the rustle of the wings?

With wistful eyes to gaze
Across the sea of sadness
On the lands of other days?

To stand out in the dark
Alone upon the mountains
Where the wolves of failure bark?

To see the light of love
Fade slowly from the world around
And vanish from above?

To watch the ghostly wraith
That springs up from the ashes
Of your perished hope and faith?

Ah! let your heart be strong
If you would be a poet, child—
The singer of a song!

TO SPOT

Dear Spot, dear old curly fellow,
If what they say is true,
Out in the far off heavens, dim,
We'll meet no more—we two.

We'll range the fields no more, old boy;
No more we'll hunt the bird;
No more the whirr of partridge wings
In music will be heard!

No more together we will roam,
And happy, side by side;
No more we'll beat the coveys up,
When you and I have died.

You're nothing but a brute, old boy—
You needn't look so fine;
And through your soft and splendid eyes
The lovelight need not shine.

But yonder reeling sot, old boy,
Is gifted with a soul,
And, after ages long and dim,
The Godhead will behold.

But you—why, you're nothing old boy,
You're nothing but a dog;
And when you die they'll haul you out
And throw you in the bog.

I'm only telling you, old boy,
What wise men say is true;
Of course, I don't believe a word
'Gainst such a friend as you.

Before the shrines of loyalty,
Of friendship and of love,
I know no shade will higher stand,
No soul your soul above.

A PRAYER

Mother Nature, let me be
Ever close and near to thee;
Oversoul and heart of things,
Shade me always with thy wings;
Even in the vale of death,
Breathe on me thy honeyed breath.

Mother Nature, guard me when
Life is strong, and after then;
Touch me with thy magic lips
When my soul is in eclipse;
Call me when my feet would stray
From thy temple halls away.

Mother Naturè, let me rest
Like a child upon thy breast;
When the war of life is done,
Fold thy arms around thy son—
Strew thy roses on the grave
Of thy faithful, loving slave.

* * *

RES', SWEET RES'

De toil en de trouble's almos' done,
Res', sweet res';
De w'ary road en de burnin' sun,
Res', sweet res';
I hears de harps ob hebben ring,
So sof', low songs ma Mammy sing,
Way yonder in de happy spring,
Res', sweet res'.

I's gwine back ter de ole home place,
Res', sweet res';
Fo' daylite dies I'll see her face,
Res', sweet res';
I sees her standin' in de do',
De moonlite on de cabin flo',
En I's gwine home fo' ebermo',
Res', sweet res'.

HEART TO HEART.

Come sign to me some olden song,
Some tune that will recall
The golden days of childhood,
My mother's face, and all.

Some sweet, old-fashioned, simple air,
Forever fresh and young;
Some melody long handed down,
By mother lips long sung.

The song that rose at morning,
When the world was clear and bright,
And poured in magic music
From the mocker's throat at night.

The low, ethereal harmony,
The crooning, soft refrain,
That mother used, in years gone by,
To soothe the aching brain.

The song that seemed to softly float,
From soul-lands far above,
When mother played the prelude
To the deathless hymn of love.

Some olden, golden, lovelit song,
Forever fresh and young;
Some melody long handed down,
By mother lips long sung.

SHADOWS

A sadness and a longing tries my inmost soul to-night;
An undefinable sorrow; a shadow on the light;
A restless, weary searching for a passage through the bars,
Out of this gilded prison to the free, eternal stars.

A sadness and a longing that is not of earthly things,
But a heartache for the silence and the long lost angel wings;
For the vanished days of childhood and the innocence gone by,
When the fairies manned the cloud-ships that sailed the western sky.

A sadness and a longing that grows stronger as I roam
Nearer yet and nearer to my old plantation home,
And the violets and roses waft their perfume to my brain—
But I'll never play with Levi nor hunt with Will again!

A sadness and a longing, and a wish to drift once more
Down the bayous, through the lilies, all alone as long ago;
With the blue, blue skies above me, and the world of love so near
That the strange ethereal music falls in sweetness on my ear.

A sadness and a longing, heart, for those who lie asleep
In the old plantation graveyard, and for whom I dare not weep;
A sadness and a longing inexpressable in tears,
Growing deeper yet and deeper as I move on down the years.

I AM WEARY.

I am weary, O my brothers, of the long march down the night ;
I am weary though the goal for which we battled is in sight ;
I am weary, O my brothers, and I long to turn aside
To rest me in the gardens where the olden dreams abide.

I am weary, O my brothers, of the hard and glaring street,
Where the promise of the spirit is forever incomplete ;
I am weary, I am yearning for the innocence that died
When the wings of faith were bartered for the broken cruth
of pride.

I am weary, O my brothers, I am sorrowing to death
For the fragrance of the clover and the honeysuckle's breath ;
I am fainting for the lost-lands where the cool, sweet bayous flow,
Where the lotus blooms forever and the water lilies grow.

I am weary, O my brothers, I am grieving for the word,
For the high and mystic language that my soul at twilight heard ;
I am grieving, I am grieving for the nest-notes of the dove,
For the melody and music of a world aglow with love.

I am weary, O my brothers, of the treason and the strife,
Of this flowerless Sahara with its mirages of life ;
I am weary, O my brothers, of the long march up the night,
I am weary though the goal for which we battled is in sight.

L'ENVOI.

For fame I ask not.
For gold I care not.
I am weary and would rest
In the old child-nest.

I would lie down, heart to heart,
O the old earth's heart—
I would wander off and be
With the olden mystery.

I would hear,
From the pea-field, sweet and clear,
Old bobwhite's whistle in my ear;
And the blackbird
Choir burst again
Into the strain
The world-free spirit heard.

I would go out there, and gaze
Through the haze
That comes drifting o'er the skies
When the sunshine dies,
And watch night
Kiss to sleep the tired eyes of light.

Where the sea-wind sighs,
And the fireflies
In glowing armies come,,
Spellbound, entranced with loveliness,
I would pause as one grown dumb
With happiness.

With the fairies, hand in hand,
I would roam through Fairyland ;
There, in the clover, by the stream,
I would fall face-down and dream.

I would go out home and find
My own kind—
Lie down on their graves and gain,
As of old, surcease from pain.

I would thrust
From my soul its weight of dust ;
From my heart
I would put all care apart ;

And hear what saith
Innocence and love and faith.
Nearer, Mother Nature, I would be
To the lost gods and to thee.

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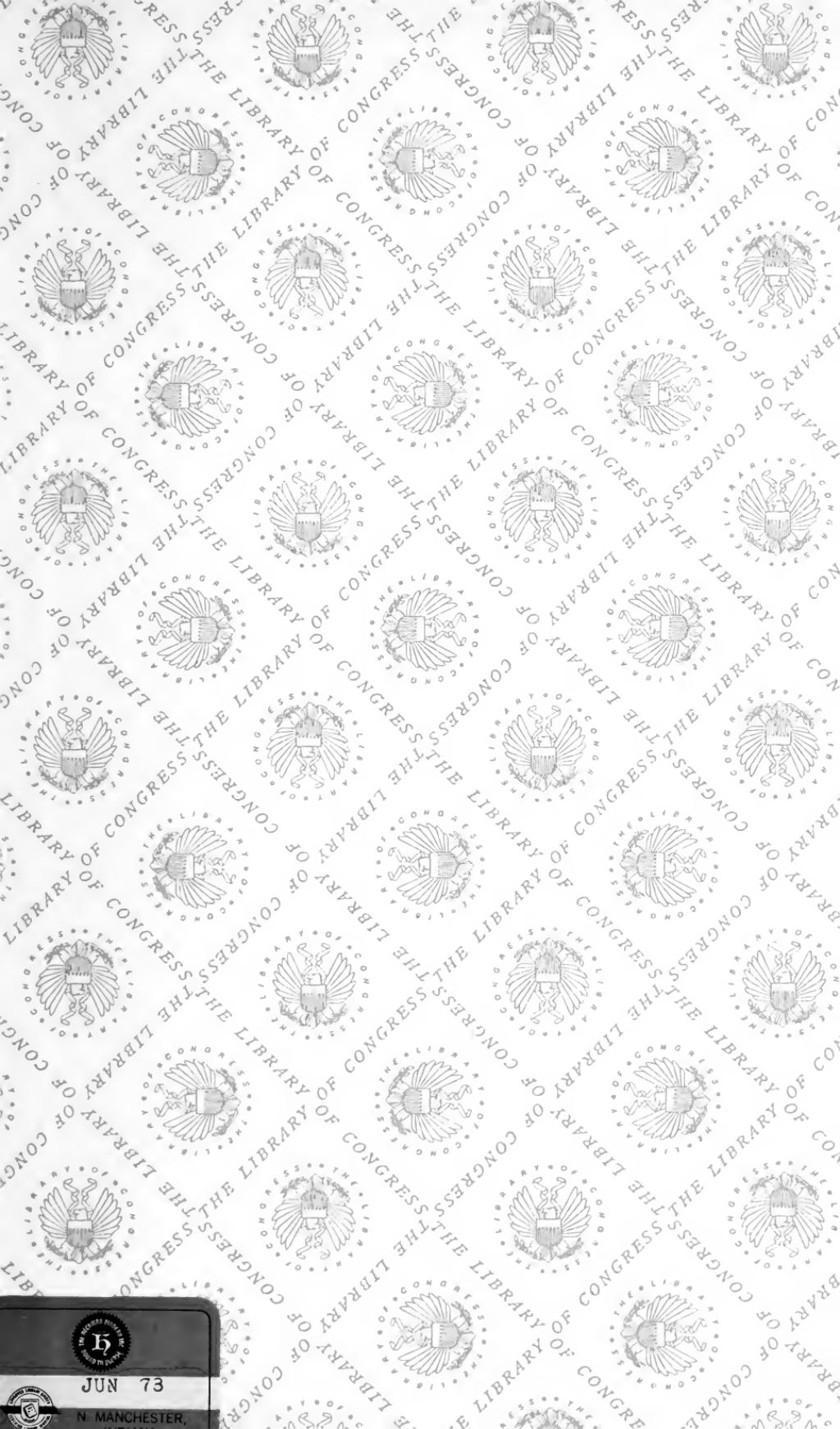


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